

The Academy

A Weekly Review of Literature and Life.

No. 1480. Established 1869.

15 September, 1900.

Price Threepence
[Registered as a Newspaper.]

The Literary Week.

THE opening of the autumn publishing season is as the letting out of water. Books trickle, then flow, then rush, and last overwhelm. The trickling has begun. Messrs. Methuen advertised two novels of importance last week—Mr. Eden Phillpotts's *Sons of the Morning*, and Mr. Henry James's *The Soft Side*. This week Messrs. Chatto & Windus give us Mark Twain's new book, *The Man who Corrupted Hadleyburg*; Mr. Sonnenschein issues the *Philosophical Regimen* and other unpublished writings of the third Earl of Shaftesbury—a book of capital importance; while from Messrs. Horace Marshall come studies of a dead author and a living—Miss Thompson's *Samuel Richardson: A Critical Study*, and Mr. J. A. Hammerton's *J. M. Barrie and His Books*; and, as we write, Messrs. Methuen are issuing a new book by the late Mr. Crane, characteristically entitled *Wounds in the Rain*.

MR. W. J. STILLMAN's disquieting doubts as to the safety of Mr. Holman Hunt's picture, the "Light of the World," have been easily set at rest. We ought to have remembered that this remarkable picture is in the custody of Keble College, Oxford. Several correspondents have reminded us of this fact; and one adds particulars of the scrupulous care with which the picture is preserved. It is in a locked case in a locked side chapel of the beautiful Chapel of the College. Perhaps this very seclusion is in a measure responsible for the strange rumour to which we referred.

MR. KIPLING's new story, *Kim of the Rishki*, is to appear serially in *Cassell's Magazine*. It is a curious indication of the modern attitude that the literary gossipier who records this fact should add: "The price is a large one, but if what I hear from an American friend is true, the book is worth it." The literary student of the future will be amazed at this bracketing of merit and price.

AN "authentic" edition (why "authentic"?) of the works of Charles Dickens is announced by Messrs. Chapman & Hall. It would appear from the prospectus that in this edition Messrs. Chapman & Hall are giving an attention to *format*, which their many previous issues of Dickens have rather conspicuously lacked. We note that in the shorter books a heavier paper is to be used, in order to preserve a uniform thickness in the volumes. This strikes us as rather unnecessary, the uniformity of the printed page being much more important than that of bulk.

APROPOS of Mr. Henry James's forthcoming book, *A Little Tour in France*, to which we referred last week, it is a mistake to suppose that this work is entirely new. It was originally published in the *Atlantic Monthly* under

the title *En Provence*, and it was issued in America as an octavo volume. We give the old title-page:

HENRY JAMES.

A LITTLE TOUR IN FRANCE.

Boston:

James R. Osgood & Company.
1885.

We understand that Mr. James's *Portraits of Places* is out of print.

It has been suggested that the new thoroughfare between Holborn and the Strand should be called "Dickens-avenue." A correspondent of *Literature* points out that it will run through a portion of London which plays a prominent part both in the life and works of Dickens, containing as it does the house in which the old *Household Words* offices were located; Somerset House, where John Dickens worked in the Navy Pay Office; Clare-court, where the young Dickens ate à-la-mode beef for dinner. Sardinia-street figures in *Barnaby Rudge*, Lincoln's Inn-fields in *Bleak House*. Kingsgate-street, Holborn, sheltered the immortal and squalid figure of Mrs. Gamp. However, we cannot consider the suggestion as suitable. The new thoroughfare will be the biggest thing in metropolitan streets that we possess; it should not be treated from any local point of view, even though it may be associated with so great a name as Dickens. If a writer must lend his name, why not go to the greatest—Shakespeare?

THE moanings of Marie Bashkirtseff are continued in the *Gentlewoman*. Most of her complaints are concerned with art; thus:

The true painter designs, sketches, composes without knowing anything. I, also, designed, but not too much, with this idea, "I am gifted for painting, and some day I shall do it." Meanwhile I have masses of literary sketches, like the portfolio of a painter who knows nothing, but has the calling. One cannot do so many things . . . but if . . . to paint while it is daylight, model till dinner-time, and write afterwards.

I have been to Julian's to show him the Raudouin portrait. This Marseillais has a very contented air, and tells me it gets better and better. It is not my opinion of this portrait. I detest it. But if others think like Julian . . . Ah, well! I shall do it over again all the same; I shall try to make it please me. Julian provokes me. He insists on talking to me like this: "Your soundness in painting gets better and better." He will have it that I have been very strong, then run down, then strong again. It is false, false, false! My sketches are there. Test it.

These utterances are—wearisome.

In regard to the biography of Mr. Eric Mackay which it was understood Miss Marie Corelli was to write, but which she has not yet written, Miss Corelli wishes us to correct the statement that any such book had been "promised" by her. She informs us that she made no engage-

ment whatever, and adds: "If such a biography is ever to be written, it must be done by someone who knew Mr. Eric Mackay before I did, as I never met him till he returned from a long residence in Italy to his father's house at the age of forty-five, when I was a child of twelve. More than half his life had been lived, and I knew, and know, nothing of it."

THE Institute of Journalists has passed the following resolution:

That this Conference is of the opinion that the subject of examination for those desirous of entering the profession of journalism should be no longer deferred, and now instructs the executive committee of the Institute to prepare an examination scheme which would be of real service to all the members of the Institute of Journalists, it being understood that, in the opinion of the Conference, the examination should for a short period be voluntary.

It may be questioned whether journalism would really gain by such an examination, though, of course, this is a matter purely within the jurisdiction of the Institute. The man who does not choose to pass the examination cannot become a member, that is all: he will be none the less a journalist.

A CORRESPONDENT asks us whether we know of "a really good lyric club" or of a society where verses are criticised or prizes given." We do not. Can any reader help?

THE sixth and final volume of Dr. Joseph Parker's *Studies in Texts* is to be issued by Messrs. Horace Marshall & Son this week. The first volume of the series has reached a third edition.

WE intend to look up a few articles we have written in our time in order to know whether we have poetic abilities unsuspected by ourselves or others. To this we are encouraged by the discovery made by a correspondent of the *St. James's Gazette*, who has found that Mr. A. G. Hales, the war correspondent of the *Daily News*, has been telegraphing poetry home, "unbeknown," in his war correspondence. The following "poem" appeared in the *Daily News* of August 31, and was, of course, printed as prose. The correspondent who has carved it up into blank verse deserves every credit for his acumen. Mr. Hales's ode to President Steyn runs as follows:

He is our foe, no stabber in the dark . . .
But in the open, where the gaze of God
And man can rest upon him (there) he stands
Defiant, though undone.

The poet then explains how Mr. Steyn staked his country's freedom, his earthly happiness, and his high position:

. . . In the great game
Of war; staked all that mortal man holds dear;
Staked it for what? For love of gain? May he
Who spawned that lie to stir our people's hearts
To boundless wrath against this falling man.
Live to repent in sackcloth and in tears
The evil deed so done.

Staked it for what?
To feed his own ambition? I tell you no.
The undercurrent which brought forth the deed
Sprang from a nobler and a higher source.
His country stood pledged (firm) in time of peace
To help in time of war a sister State.
And when the bond fell due he honoured it,
Though none knew better than this noble man
That when he loosed the dogs of war he crossed
A lion's path.

THE onslaught of Mrs. W. K. Clifford, authoress of *Aunt Anne*, *Wild Prozy*, &c., on Mr. Sidney Grundy, on the score that he has plagiarised from her for the purposes of *A Debt of Honour*, and Mr. Grundy's reply to his

accuser, calls to mind some other recent instances of similar charges. Thus, not so many years ago, when clever Mr. Anstey Guthrie published his *Giant's Robe*, which story treats curiously enough of a case of sharp practice in connexion with a book, he was accused of having picked the brains of an Indian judge, one W. Follet Syngé, who had written a novel called *Tom Singleton* on a similar theme. The theme in question was the use by one man to serve his own ends of a MS. written by his friend. Mr. Anstey amply defends himself in a preface to *The Giant's Robe*. Similarly Charles Reade, with a wealth of quotation and illustration, defends himself in an appendix to *The Wandering Heir* against the charges brought against him by Mortimer Collins and his wife when *The Wandering Heir* first appeared as a Christmas number of having pilfered from Swift for his descriptions of Dublin life in the last century. Reade was often accused of "lifting" from the work of others, and to a certain extent admitted the impeachment; but, as he says, an author may legitimately appropriate within reason from heterogeneous sources providing he does not do so from a homogeneous.

ONE of the most noteworthy examples of an accusation of plagiarism was that brought against Mrs. Hodgson-Burnett, who, it will be remembered, proceeded against an unauthorised dramatist of her work in relation to *Little Lord Fauntleroy*. Some years before the publication of that novel, a story entitled *Wilfrid*, by Mrs. A. T. Winthrop, was published in New York. The eponymous hero, Wilfrid, is a very engaging little boy, the son of a certain Capt. Ferrars, an officer in the army, who has made his father furious by marrying a Frenchwoman and a Roman Catholic. Capt. Ferrars is disinherited by his father, and he and his wife die, the child Wilfrid being brought up by a benevolent woman, the sister of a nurse at the hospital to which his mother had been taken. Through the agency of a philanthropic member of Parliament Wilfrid is restored to his grandfather, the Earl of Lindisfarne, and goes to live with him—the old man doting upon him. In the end the little lad dies, to the great grief of everyone. Such is a brief abstract of the main story, there being a slight sub-plot, which is of no importance in this connexion. It will be noted that the hero in one case is called by the Saxon name of Wilfrid, and in the other by the equally Saxon name Cedric, and that the former addresses his foster-mother as "Mamie," and the latter his mother as "Dearest." In fact, the resemblances are endless.

MR. RIDER HAGGARD has frequently been accused of plagiarism, and several people—Mr. E. F. Knight, for instance, author of the *Cruise of the Falcon*—have been accused of plagiarising from him. One of the strangest examples is where he is accused of having copied the description of Umslopagaas in *Allan Quatermain* terrifying a cowardly Frenchman by whirling an axe round him, from Hardy's description in *Far from the Madding Crowd* of how Troy's sword encircles Bethsheba. "In an instant the atmosphere was transformed to Bethsheba's eyes. Beams of light, caught from the low sun's rays, above, around, in front of her, well-nigh shut out earth and heaven—all emitted in the marvellous evolutions of Troy's reflecting blade, which seemed everywhere at once, and yet nowhere specially. These circling gleams were accompanied by a keen rush that was almost a whistling—also springing from all sides at once. In short, she was enclosed in a firmament of light, and of sharp hisses, resembling a sky full of meteors close at hand." Speaking of *Far from the Madding Crowd*, Mr. Pinero, it will be remembered, was charged with indebtedness to that, while Mr. Gilbert's correspondence in the press with an Irish musician, who accused him of plagiarism over "The Mountebanks," in regard to the penny-in-the-slot song, will not be forgotten.

THE facsimile of *The Germ*, which Mr. Elliot Stock is preparing to issue during the autumn, will reproduce the four separate numbers of the magazine exactly as they were issued in the buff covers by the P. R. B. These, with an extended preface on the literary history of *The Germ*, by William Michael Rossetti, in a separate section, will be issued in a case of suitable design, so that the reader will be able to see the exact aspect of the work as it first saw the light.

THE Paris correspondent of the *Pall Mall Gazette* is an admirable literary gossipier, and always writes with knowledge. He has just been describing the rather dismal state of the Paris *chansonniers*, whose long reign of success, it seems, is on the decline. The *chansonniers* are, in fact, so depressed that they are about to hold a congress, which, says the correspondent, ought to be a picturesque affair. The *chansonniers* are not arrayed like the lilies, nor like Solomon, nor like the average man. "Aristide Bruant in sage-green corduroys, jack-boots, voluminous scarlet muffler, and vast slouch hat; Hyspa of the peg-top trousers and the immaculate white Lavallière; Théodore Botrel in his Breton waistcoat; Marcel Legay, the wearer of unexampled frock-coats—these and a score of other spurners of the tyranny of the fashion-plates will make a brave show. The Tout Bohème still keeps up appearances, sartorially speaking, though it does so, which the 'ancestors' did not, on an excellent income."

CONTINUING, the *Pall Mall* writer says:

As periods of vogue go in Paris, the *chansonniers* have had a long innings, and it will not be surprising if, for a time, they are under a cloud. It was early in the 'eighties, with the foundation of the ever memorable Chat Noir, that the new generation of *chansonniers* first made their voices heard—an expression literally correct, as it is characteristic of the present-day *chansonniers* that they sing their songs as well as write them. The Chat Noir was the beginning of Montmartre, of the Montmartre of songsters innumerable and bandbox cafés-concerts, artistic cabarets and *bouis-bouis* at every turn and corner. The movement deserves an historian, for besides having a far-reaching effect on the amusements of Parisians, and perhaps on their manners and morals, it has left its mark on literary and even on political history. What is known as "rosserie" in literature—the term would seem to be untranslatable—was the invention of Montmartre. . . . The decadence of Montmartre has been revealed by the Exhibition. Of all the failures of the great show the most glaring, the most lamentable, has been the Rue de Paris, the cafés-concerts of which are modelled on those of Montmartre. They have had no success, and they have deserved none. The sad truth is, that talent, once so prolific on the Butte, is for the moment of rare growth, if, indeed, it be discoverable at all. Of the men who made the reputation of Montmartre, some are dead—Macnab and Jules Jouy, for instance—and others such as Donnay, Rollinat and Bruant have ceased writing for the Butte. Those of the older school who remain were never, perhaps, quite in the front rank, and would seem to have long since given their best work. The newcomers are legion, but the quantity does not make up for the almost total absence of quality.

REPLYING to the suggestion of a correspondent, Claudius Clear discusses in the *British Weekly* the question of the keeping and publication of letters and the weeding out of books. Concerning books, he says: "I do not intend ever to possess more books than I have now—that is, as new books come in, I shall go on sifting the old." It would be interesting to know how many books Claudius Clear possesses. Mark Pattison put the minimum of a decent personal library at a thousand volumes; no doubt, Claudius Clear's books far exceed that number. It strikes us as somewhat dangerous to make the exchange of old

books for new in a hard-and-fast way; one might easily find that, in a mood of temporary enthusiasm, the good had given place to the indifferent.

MESSRS. ISBISTER announce for autumn publication a memoir of *William Conyngham Plunket, Baron Plunket, Archbishop of Dublin*, by Mr. Frederick Douglas How; and also a study of *Tennyson: His Art and Relation to Modern Life*, by Mr. Stopford Brooke.

THE *Grande Revue* contains an analysis of two unpublished collections of letters written by Mme. de Warens, celebrated by her friendship with Rousseau. The correspondence does not betray the possession by the writer of the smallest intellectual or literary interest, and an unusual ignorance of orthography, syntax, and style is only too apparent. Her sole preoccupation is business, and there is much mention of contracts—commercial, not social—and lawsuits. With Mme. de Warens commercial enterprise was a passion, and in indulging it she was never discouraged by the constant ill-fortune that attended her ventures. A silk stocking manufactory which she established at Vevey shortly after her marriage did not enrich her. After separating from her husband she induced him to transfer his means to her. Subsequently we find her manufacturing drugs at Annecy, chocolate, soap, and stoneware at Chambéry, forming a company for the exploitation of "mines situated in Chamounix," purchasing furnaces in the Maurienne and coal-pits at Harache, and ruining both herself and her friends, always with the best intentions. Many of the earlier letters contain requests for capital to promote her various undertakings, but in her old age her needs were of a more personal and pressing nature, for on one occasion she is forced to beg her correspondent to send her "quelques petites provisions de bouche" to enable her to maintain her modest household.

MR. DOOLEY, in the current *Harper's Weekly*, strikes that bigger vein on which he sometimes chances in the midst of his discussion of smaller matters. His subject is the Negro Problem. He gives a sketch of the career of a coloured gentleman whose name was Andrew Jackson George Wash'nton Americus Caslataras Beresford Vanilla Hicks. To Mr. Dooley he was merely "Snowball." Snowball's ambition, after packing himself with learning, did not stop short of the Presidency of the United States. "Go on," says Mr. Dooley, "on'y don't be too free." He continues:

"Twas years before I see him again. Wan day I was walkin' up th' levee smokin' a good tin-cint seegar whin a coon wearin' a suit iv clothes that looked like a stained-glass window in th' house iv a Dutch brewer, an' a pop-bottle in th' fr-ront iv his shirt, steps up to me an' he says: 'How d'ye do, Mistah Dooley?' says he. 'Don't ye know me—Mistah Hicks?' he says. 'Snowball?' says I. 'Step inside this dureway,' says I, 'lest Clancy, th' polisman on th' corner, take me f'r a octeroon,' I says. 'What ar-re ye doin'?' says I. 'How did ye enjy th' Prisdincey?' says I. He laughed an' tol' me th' story iv his life. He wint to practisin' law an' foun' his on'y clients was coons, an' they had no assets but their vote at th' prim'ry. Besides a warrant f'r a moke was th' same as a lether iv introduction to th' warden iv th' pinitinchry. Th' on'y thing left f'r th' lawyer to do was to move f'r a new thrile, an' after he'd got two or three he thought of things was th' best an' ye do well to lave bad enough alone. He got so sick iv chicken he cudden' live on his fees, an' he quit th' law an' wint into journalism. He r-ran *Th' Colored Suppliment*, but it was a failure, th' taste iv th' public lanin' more to quadroon publications, an' no ma-an that owned a restrant or theyatre or drhy-goods store'd put in an adver-tisemint f'r fear th' subscribers'd see it an' come ar-round. Thin he attempted to go into pollytics, an' th' best he cud get was carryin' a bucket iv wather f'r a Lincoln Club. He thried to larn a

thrade, an' found th' on'y place a naygur can larn a thrade is in prison, an' he can't wurruk at that without committin' burglary. He started to take up subscriptions fr a strugglin' church an' found th' profission was overcrowded. "Fin'ly," says he, "'twas up to me to be a porther in a saloon or go into th' on'y business," he says, "in which me race has a chanst," he says. "What's that?" says I. "Craps," says he. "I've opened a palachal imporyium," he says, "where," he says, "'twud please me very much," he says, "me ol' abolitionist frind," he says, "if yo'd dbrop in some day," he says, "an' I'll roll th' sweet, white bones fr ye," he says. "'Tis th' hope iv me people," he says. "We have an even chanst at ivry other pursoot," he says, "but 'tis on'y in craps we have a shade th' best iv it," he says.

Mr. Dooley's final comment is, "When we tell thim they're free they know we're on'y shtringin' thim."

THE report of the expeditions organised by the British Astronomical Association to observe the total solar eclipse of May 28, 1900, will be contained in a volume shortly to be issued from the office of *Knowledge*. The work will be edited by Mr. E. Walter Maunder, F.R.A.S., and will contain many fine photographs of the various stages of the eclipse.

Bibliographical.

I QUOTED last week a paragraph which had appeared in a recognised literary organ, and in which it was asserted that Mr. J. A. Hammerton's forthcoming volume on *J. M. Barrie and His Books* would contain "a full bibliography" of that writer. Mr. Hammerton now writes to my Editor to say that this part of the paragraph is inaccurate. As a matter of fact, he remarks, the bibliographical section of his work is prefaced by these words: "To include a complete bibliography of all Mr. Barrie's works and miscellaneous writings would be no very difficult undertaking, so far as its compiling were concerned, but the result would occupy considerably more space than can be devoted to it, or seems necessary." Nevertheless, Mr. Hammerton goes on to state that his book will include a list of "all" Mr. Barrie's "special" contributions to the *Nottingham Journal*—contributions which, as the product of a young man of twenty or thereabouts, can hardly be (I should say) of very great literary value. It would, indeed, be interesting to know whether this list has been made with Mr. Barrie's expressed approval, or otherwise. Mr. Barrie has the reputation of being a modest man—though, to be sure, he did produce, in *Margaret Ogilvy*, a volume in which the autobiographical element is large.

To my suggestion that in producing a volume on *J. M. Barrie and His Books* Mr. Hammerton "appears to be rather in a hurry," that gentleman replies that "The career of this author is one of the most interesting—perhaps the most interesting—of all contemporary authors. He is not likely to do better work than he has done" [which is an unkind remark]. "The fact that his publications are so few is all the greater reason for treating him seriously. Mr. Dash-Dash" [I suppress the real name out of sheer pity for its owner], "I believe, has written considerably over a hundred books. Fancy anyone writing, or anybody buying, a book about Dash-Dash!" I have thought it right to let Mr. Hammerton have his say, but on the main point of the controversy am "of the same opinion still."

It interests me to note that Messrs. Putnam's "Knickerbocker Shakespeare" (Phœbus, what a name!) is to be illustrated by drawings from the pencil of the late Frank Howard. Frank Howard died in 1866, so that he is "late" indeed. He died, it seems, in want, and his life

as a whole cannot be described as a success. Nevertheless, his outline illustrations of Shakespeare's plays, the publication of which began in 1827 and ended in 1833, seem likely to keep his memory green. They appear to have been acquired, some time in the 'seventies, by Messrs. T. Nelson & Sons, of Edinburgh and London, who, in 1879 (I think), made them (or, rather, reduced reproductions of them) a feature of their "Howard Shakespeare," to my mind the best one-volume edition of Shakespeare ever published. In this edition the outline drawings measured about 2½ ins. by 3½ ins. Are Messrs. Putnam going to reproduce these reproductions, or are they going to present the drawings in their original, or some other, shape? Anyway, I am glad to observe that these designs, so excellent in draughtsmanship if in nothing else, are not forgotten.

Comment has before now been made in this column upon the lack of enterprise exhibited by the publishers and editors of English literary classics. I am, therefore, the more glad to congratulate the publisher and editor of the "Temple Classics" upon their decision to include in the series, and issue shortly, the *Letters of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu* and the *Biographia Literaria* of Coleridge. These will be real boons to many a book-lover. The *Biographia Literaria* has not, I believe, been published in a separate form since 1866. The *Letters and Works of Lady M. W. Montagu* were re-issued so recently as 1893, but at a price beyond the scope of limited incomes. A book of *Passages from the Letters* appeared in 1891, but it is to be assumed that the "Temple" edition will be complete, not scrappy. Another volume, of "passages" would hardly meet the case.

Because a contributor to the ACADEMY said last week of Ouida that "She has been writing novels for more than a generation—*Under Two Flags* was published in 1868," a Yorkshire correspondent opines that the reviewer regards 1868 as the year in which Ouida began her literary career. That, I think, hardly follows. We know, of course, that *Held in Bondage* came out in 1863, and that *Strathmore and Chandos* also came before *Under Two Flags*. Our Yorkshire friend, however, tells us that he saw the name of "Ouida" appended to many contributions to *Bentley's Miscellany* in the 'fifties—an interesting statement, which anyone may verify who has a file of the *Miscellany*, or cares to wend his way to a well-equipped public library. The question is, Is it worth while to wend? Let us wait for a Ouida bibliography.

Dr. Todhunter, apparently, has translated Schiller's *Mary Stuart*, and adapted it to the English stage. We are not told whether the version is in prose, in verse, or in both. We know that Fanny Kemble adapted the piece for Mdle. Beatrice, and that the Hon. Lewis Wingfield adapted it for Mme. Modjeska; but neither version, I think, has been published, though on that point I am open to correction. The play has not attracted any translator with a high literary reputation. When Henry Morley published, in 1889, his collection of English versions of Schiller's dramas, he had to fall back upon the translation (into blank verse) made by J. L. Mellish and first printed in 1801. This had been reprinted in 1888 along with Mellish's version of *The Maid of Orleans*.

Very welcome indeed will be the promised biography (with diaries) of the late Miss Helen Faucit (Lady Martin). Miss Faucit deserved to have some such monument to her memory. True it is that her delightful essays on *Some of Shakespeare's Female Characters* contain a good deal of personal reminiscence; true it is that there are frequent references to her in Macnully's *Diary*, and in other biographies and autobiographies of our time. At present, however, no consecutive record of her career has been published in England other than that which is to be read in Mr. Pascoe's *Dramatic List*—a sketch which, excellent as far as it goes, is obviously not adequate or final.

THE BOOKWORM.

Reviews.

Milton's Prose.

[TEMPLE CLASSICS.—*Areopagitica*. (Dent. 1s. 6d.)

"THIS manner of writing," said John Milton regarding his prose, "wherein knowing myself inferior to myself, led by the genial power of nature to another task, I have the use, as I may account, but of my left hand." It is a sentence strange to encounter, in the strong and copious prose-work of the great Puritan—copious in style and diction, if not in quantity. Most poets, nevertheless, must have been ready to echo it; must have felt the new-born hesitancy of their accustomed ready handmaid, Expression, when she was called to walk with them in the dusty and frequented ways of prose. Yet not a beaten way was that when Milton adventured on it—wittingly we say *adventured*. It had for the poet an attraction which has fallen from it to-day, in that—no less than poetry—it offered him the privileges of the conqueror and explorer; a new empire to be founded, a new region to be reduced under obedience and law. And this, to some its difficulty, to the poet must have been its allurements. In poetry the great traditions had been set; in prose they remained to be set. In this medium, the language lay plastic under his hands; the whole question of its style expected his formative touch; its whole structural laws hearkened for his creative fiat. Such an unsullied and virgin opportunity comes not twice in a language.

Milton, whose authoritative sanction lies large over English poetry, made, it must be confessed, no equivalent use of his vast chance in prose. He did fine things with it, but he estated no tradition on his successors, he laid no mandate on the language: not to him have our fathers gone for a precedent, nor can we go for a resurrecting voice in prose. It has passed as an axiom that poets' prose (when poets do write prose) is peculiarly clean, pure, forthright, and workmanly; that, in fact (contrary to probable anticipation) it has no tincture of "poetic prose," but is as distinctively prose as their verse is distinctively poetry. It would be interesting to inquire whether this be so. It is so with Byron, Cowper, and Southey, who were not imaginative poets; it is so with Wordsworth when he treats philosophically of poetic principle. But when he writes on the Cintra Convention he adopts the raised manner of Hooker and his fellows; nor does the law hold exactly good with Coleridge, still less with Rossetti or Swinburne. Dryden and Matthew Arnold can be cited for it, and the prose of Shakespeare's plays; but against it again is Sidney, and against it again is Milton. Under his large motions, the garment of prose intermittently falls aside, revealing the immortal limbs of poetry.

But this alone will not explain why he is a splendidly impossible model. Browne is full of rhetoric that hovers on the confines of poetry, yet from the grand physician of Norwich it is possible to learn, as Johnson learned, and Stevenson. Browne's sentences are admirable in structure, and (apart from diction) need little, if anything, to be quite modern—we do not say fashionably modern. Therein is the difference. Milton was Milton to the last. As he went to Virgil for the structural art of his blank verse, he went to Cicero for the structure of his prose. But the Latinisation which his genius triumphantly imposed on poetry failed against the stubborn native grain of English prose. It is true (as Professor Vaughan remarks, in this "Temple Classics" edition of the *Areopagitica*) that he is looser in structure than Hooker; his long sentences are in the main "not a synthesis of clauses, but an agglomeration." Clearly he discerned that rigid Latinisation would not work, and sought for such a successful compromise as he had carried out in verse. But the two elements of the compromise are

only reined in equal yoke by his powerful hand; they must needs break loose from any other. Even in his hand the combination is often less than masterly, sometimes downright cumbersome and awkward. The accretions of sentence are tagged on in almost slovenly fashion. Such are the changes brought about by the fixing of a language that a child can now smile at the difficulties of the great Milton. We (so to speak) have but to touch a spring, where he had all to do with his own hand. That we may not appear to censure without giving testimony of the infelicity, consider this passage:

What if I had written as your friend the author of the aforesaid mime, "*Mundus alter et idem*," to have been ravished like some young Cephalus or Hylas, by a troop of camping housewives in Viraginea, and that he was there forced to swear himself an uxorious varlet: then after a long servitude to have come into Aphrodisia that pleasant country, that gave such a sweet smell to his nostrils among the shameless courtezans of Desvergonia?

Here clause is inartificially hooked on to clause; with an unpleasant effect intensified by the changes of construction; not absolutely ungrammatical, but perplexing and inelegant.

Yet again examine another sentence, where the like faulty looseness of structure is pushed to a final obscurity of expression:

So if my name and outward demeanour be not evident enough to defend me, I must make trial if the discovery of my inmost thoughts can: wherein of two purposes, both honest and sincere, the one perhaps I shall not miss; although I fail to gain belief with others, of being such as my perpetual thoughts shall here disclose me, I may yet not fail of success in persuading some to be such really themselves, as they cannot believe me to be more than what I feign.

This, despite its intended openness of structure, is truly involved, not *evolved* after the manner of a long sentence justly builded. And such is the fault which may rightly be charged against Milton. Of occasional Latinisms we make less account. As thus:

But these frequent songs throughout the law and the prophets . . . may be easily made appear over all the kinds of lyric poetry to be incomparable.

Or, again: "The chief of learned men reputed in this land." The like may be found, much more frequently, in Hooker; and Milton is rather to be praised that they appear so seldom, than censured that they appear sometimes. The former, indeed, exemplifies a construction which we could wish Milton had succeeded in recommending, the inversion not being violent, while there is force and propriety in bringing down the close upon the emphatic word. Next to the genius of the language, the great power which fought against the splendid host of Latinising writers was doubtless the English Bible. The Bible had decided before Dryden that the language should not set in their mould.

But if not as an imitable model, yet as a magnificent study and recreation, like the hearing of grave and lofty music, the prose-work of Milton deserves to pass from the exclusive hands of scholars into those of all who care for exalted English. Though critics have dwelt on his Latinised diction, the substance is fine and virile Saxon, on which the Latin is a stately broidery, harmonised with rare art. He can pass from it at will to the most energetic simplicity, as one might conjecture in the author of *Comus*.

They thought themselves gallant men, and I thought them fools: they made sport, and I laughed; they pronounced, and I disliked; and, to make up the atticism, they were out, and I hissed.

Were ever unlucky actors assailed with more vernacular scorn? That it can exceed, at times, in too rough abuse, we might surmise from passages in the poems. But the cudgel, if too knotty, is sound English wood; and one has

a laughing relish in hearing its hearty ring—the savagery of the blows deadened by a distance of two centuries. And when Milton's matter gives him scope, how those long sentences drop like a cloak all suspicion of stiffness or pedantry, and advance in sweet and noble measure! Listen to this, if you will to hear music.

Next . . . that I may tell ye whither my younger feet wandered, I betook me among those lofty fables and romances, which recount in solemn cantos the deeds of knighthood founded by our victorious kings, and from hence had in renown over all Christendom. There I read it in the oath of every knight, that he should defend to the expense of his best blood, or of his life, if so befell him, the honour and chastity of virgin or matron; from whence even then I learned what a noble virtue chastity sure must be, to the defence of which so many worthies, by such a dear adventure of themselves, had sworn. And if I found in the story afterward, any of them, by word or deed, breaking that oath, I judged it the same fault of the poet as that which is attributed to Homer, to have written indecent things of the gods. Only this my mind gave me, that every free and gentle spirit, without that oath, ought to be borne a knight, nor needed to expect the gilt spur, or the laying of a sword upon his shoulder, to stir him up both by his counsel and his arms to secure and protect the weakness of any attempted chastity. So that even those books, which to many others have been the fuel of wantonness and loose living, I cannot think how, unless by divine indulgence, proved to me so many incitements, as you have heard, to the love and steadfast observation of that virtue which abhors the society of bordelloes.

The language of this is as pure and austere beautiful as the thought, which is (so to speak) the finest blend of chivalry and Puritanism.

There is in the above passage a certain strain of exalted declamation, which appears yet more notable in Milton's most splendid outbursts. *Outbursts* they are, so that one continually considers what an orator might have been in him. Always he seems perorating to some august assembly, like his own Satan in Pandemonium: the very rhythm seems designed to swell through resounding distances and reverberate above the multitudinous murmur of frequent congregations. This suits, also, the essential spaciousness of the man's mind, its love of large grandeurs, of massed and massive sound, of all imperial amplitudes, alike in conception, expression, and ambitions. It is in such mood and at such opportunities, therefore, that his great and entirely personal style is most completely under his control, can deploy its full resources and rejoice unafraid in its own power. At such moments his style is the prose counterpart of the supreme numbers which awe us in *Paradise Lost*, so far as the occasion and the lesser range of prose will admit. Sometimes it comes and passes in a single gust, as when he speaks of the "poet, soaring in the high region of his fancies, with his garland and singing robes about him." Or, yet more magnificent:

The Apocalypse of St. John is the majestic image of a high and stately tragedy, shutting up and intermingling her solemn scenes and acts with a sevenfold chorus of hallelujahs and harping symphonies.

To keep on such a level would be to make his prose purely lyrical; and, therefore, in the sustained passages, Milton starts from a lower stage. Take that fine passage in the *Areopagitica*:

Books are not absolutely dead things, but do contain a potency of life in them to be as active as that soul was whose progeny they are; nay, they do preserve as in a vial the purest efficacy and extraction of that living intellect that bred them. I know they are as lively, and as vigorously productive, as those fabulous dragon's teeth; and being sown up and down, may chance to spring up armed men. And yet, on the other hand, unless wariness be used, as good almost kill a man as kill a good book. Who kills a man kills a reasonable creature, God's image; but he who destroys a good book, kills reason itself, kills the image of God, as it were, in the eye. Many a man lives a burthen to the earth; but a good book is the

precious life—blood of a master spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life. 'Tis true, no age can restore a life, . . . and revolutions of ages do not oft recover the loss of a rejected truth, for the want of which whole nations fare the worse.

This weighty piece of reflection is almost modern in form. From it Milton rises or descends at will, until he reaches his majestic and characteristic level, shown in the following passage:

Good and evil we know in the field of this world grow up together almost inseparably; and the knowledge of good is so involved and interwoven with the knowledge of evil, and in so many cunning resemblances hardly to be discerned, that those confused seeds which were imposed upon Psyche as an incessant labour to cull out, and sort asunder, were not more intermixed. It was from out the rind of one apple tasted, that the knowledge of good and evil, as two twins cleaving together, leaped forth into the world. . . . He that can apprehend and consider vice with all her baits and seeming pleasures, and yet abstain, and yet distinguish, and yet prefer that which is truly better, he is the true wayfaring Christian. I cannot praise a fugitive and cloistered virtue, unexercised and unbreathed, that never sallies out and sees her adversary, but slinks out of the race, where that immortal garland is to be run for, not without dust and heat. Assuredly we bring not innocence into the world, we bring impurity much rather; that which purifies us is trial, and trial is by what is contrary. That virtue therefore which is but a youngling in the contemplation of evil, and knows not the utmost which vice promises to her followers, and rejects it, is but a blank virtue, not a pure; her whiteness is but an excremental whiteness.

Praise is impotent before such prose as this, which only Milton could transcend. Often quoted, we must yet quote again the words in which he achieves that feat:

Methinks I see in my mind a noble and puissant nation rousing herself like a strong man after sleep, and shaking her invincible locks. Methinks I see her as an eagle mewing her mighty youth, and kindling her undazzled eyes at the full mid-day beam: purging and unscaling her long-abused sight at the fountain itself of heavenly radiance; while the whole noise of timorous and flocking birds, with those also that love the twilight, flutter about, amazed at what she means, and in their envious gabble would prognosticate a year of sects and schisms.

So puissant a passage (to use Milton's own word) is not to be found elsewhere, and could hardly be written again. We could no more build like the builders of Egypt than we could write in this colossal manner. The Miltonic prose overtops our praise, and seems framed for a larger generation. It stands with the columns of Memphis and Babylonian gardens, and all primeval survivals which have testified, or still testify, to the living little, of the spacious dead. Let us not overlay it with the parasitical growth of vain words.

A Solitary Sea-Rover.

Sailing Alone Around the World. By Captain Joshua Slocum. (Sampson Low. 8s. 6d. net.)

THIS book breathes the spirit of the old great seamen. We do not mean that the modern sailor lacks any sailorly qualities; but here we have more than these—we have a joy in adventure big as the seas covered; a grip, a constancy, a fearlessness and initiative which appeal to one's pulses like the sound of a bugle at dawn. The authentic strong man is before us, possessed with that sea love which welcomes any danger smelling of brine. Captain Slocum discovered no reefs or islands; they were all discovered, one supposes, long ago, charted, and made part of the sea's history. But he accomplished what has never before been recorded of any man—he sailed round the world alone, and, moreover, he built the ship that carried him. The statement is astounding. Yet the narrative itself is so little

sensational in manner, so sober and well-balanced, that we accept it all without a touch of incredulity. It is not a bare narrative, either: it is a piece of art.

On both sides [says Captain Slocum] my family were sailors; and if any Slocum should be found not seafaring he will show at least an inclination to whittle models of boats and contemplate voyages. My father was the sort of man who, if wrecked on a desolate island, would find his way home, if he had a jack-knife and could find a tree. He was a good judge of a boat, but the old clay farm which some calamity made his was an anchor to him.

Coming from such a stock, Captain Slocum inevitably rushed seawards, and after working his way up to commands and ownerships he conceived the idea of his great adventure. He rebuilt, entirely with his own hands, the old sloop *Spray*, which had been propped up on land for seven years, and in her he accomplished this memorable voyage. The tonnage of this tiny craft was nine tons net and twelve and seventy-one hundredths gross—a mere toy in which to put a girdle round the world. His chronometer was a dollar tin clock with a smashed face. He set sail on April 24, 1895, from Boston, Massachusetts.

At first the loneliness was awesome; that, however, soon wore off, and we have a remarkable picture of this Nova Scotian sea-dog, solitary in mid-Atlantic, singing to a shrill accompaniment of wind and wave, "Johnny Boker," "We'll Pay Darby Doyle for his Boots," and "Babylon's a-fallin'." So sailing he passed "Flores in the Azores," a nineteenth century captain of spiritual kin to that old scourge of Spain, Sir Richard Grenville.

The voyage appears to have been something of a triumphal progress. The *Spray* was petted at her ports of call, crammed with provisions, presented with sails and flags: her fame was flashed before her. One is glad to learn that at Gibraltar Captain Slocum and the British Navy became fast friends. Once the captain was suffering from delirium and cramps induced by a diet of plums and Pico white cheese. He dreamed that a pilot came aboard:

"Señor, I have come to do you no harm. I have sailed free, but was never worse than a *contrabandista*. I am one of Columbus's crew . . . I am the pilot of the *Pinta* come to aid you. Lie still, señor captain, and I will guide your ship to-night. You have a *calentura* . . . You did wrong, captain, to mix cheese with plums. . . ."

Then he sang:

"High are the waves fierce, gleaming,
High is the tempest roar!
High is the sea-bird screaming!
High the Azore!"

When the captain recovered from the *calentura*, the pilot of the *Pinta* had vanished.

We cannot follow the *Spray* through her whole course. She did as bravely in the Pacific as in the Atlantic, never turning nasty as ships sometimes will. She was seventy-two days between Juan Fernandez and Samoa. The Trades were kind:

For one whole month my vessel held her course true; I had not, the while, so much as a light in the binnacle. The Southern Cross I saw every night abeam. The sun every morning came up astern; every evening it went down ahead. I wished for no other compass to guide me, for these were true. If I doubted my reckoning after a long time at sea, I verified it by reading the clock aloft made by the Great Architect, and it was right . . . I awoke sometimes to find the sun already shining into my cabin. I heard water rushing by, with only a thin plank between me and the depths, and I said: "How is this?" But it was all right; it was my ship on her course, sailing as no ship had ever sailed before in the world. . . . I knew that no human hand was at the helm; I knew that all was well with "the hands" forward, and that there was no mutiny on board.

In July, 1896, Captain Slocum reached Samoa, where he was entertained by Mrs. Stevenson and Malietoa.

Tusitala, it will be remembered, had left Vailima for a greater house eighteen months before. Mrs. Stevenson presented the captain with the four volumes of the sailing *Directories of the Mediterranean*, inscribing the following on the fly-leaf of the first:

TO CAPTAIN SLOCUM,—These volumes have been read and re-read many times by my husband, and I am very sure that he would be pleased that they should be passed on to the sort of seafaring man that he liked above all others.

The *Spray* laid up at Cape Town for a three months' rest while the captain toured inland. In Pretoria he had an interview with ex-President Kruger, being introduced by Judge Beyers. The latter mentioned that Captain Slocum was making a voyage round the world. "You don't mean round the world," said Mr. Kruger, reminding the judge that the world was flat, "it is impossible! You mean *in* the world." This amazing saying seems to illuminate Mr. Kruger's attitude towards facts.

The *Spray* cast anchor in her home port on June 27, 1898, after an absence of three years and two months. It was a marvellous undertaking, marvellously successful. The story of the cruise of this little craft is full of the fine flavour of romance; it is packed with the awe and splendour of the high seas, with the essence of brave adventure. It is a book to remember and to keep. We shall sail with the *Spray* and her reliant master under the Southern Cross on many a night when we weary for the brisk tang of the salt.

India's Foes: Russia and Famine.

Russia against India. By A. R. Colquhoun. (Harpers. 5s.)

Open Letters to Lord Curzon on Famines and Land Assessments in India. By Romesh C. Dutt. (Kegan Paul.)

THE complications in China have brought with them an enormous crop of books on the Far East and Asiatic questions, and there are few more industrious workers in this field than Mr. A. R. Colquhoun, whose huge volume, *Overland to China*, we reviewed not long ago. His present book is in some parts a recapitulation of the former volume where it dealt with Russia, though it has aims and objects of its own. It is addressed to that now very popular personage, the man in the street, and is meant for his information and enlightenment. *Russia against India* makes no pretensions to being literature; it is merely an example of book-making, though of the best kind. It views as a whole the advance of Russia, "creeping on, bit by bit," and Mr. Colquhoun gives the outlines of a policy which he declares is bold and prudent. If it really is all the author claims for it, we trust that it will be adopted.

Mr. Colquhoun begins with an historical introduction to his subject, and goes on to describe the country and people of Central Asia. He then touches on British rule in India, in Persia and Afghanistan, and Russia in Central Asia, and concludes with what is really the kernel of the book, "The Defence of India." Mr. Colquhoun does not believe that Russia will invade India in a few months or in a few years' time; her whole history forbids such an assumption. Russia has never rushed matters; she has always crept forward gradually and imperceptibly, letting the confiding British public forget one step before she takes another.

It may be taken for granted, of course, that if Russia were now, from her present base, to attempt a direct invasion of India across the whole extent of Afghanistan it would fail. But does anyone, in his senses, suppose Russia is going to embark on such a foolhardy enterprise, when, with the experience of her continued success, she can, without sacrificing the life of a single Cossack, without any great expenditure, do now as she has done before,

creep on bit by bit, so as to avoid arousing the susceptibilities of the British public? The Russians have made a close study of the British character, under the influence of a democratic Parliamentary Government. The apathy and indifference to everything except the safety of the present second embodied in the sayings: "A long way off," and "It will last our time," are powerful allies of Russia, and well she knows it.

Russia uses her position in Central Asia to put pressure on us in India, and she will increase that pressure as she gets a more favourable position and is more strongly established. A passive defence within the Indian frontier is simply suicidal. It gives Russia the choice of position for attack, and leaves her free to push down and seize a port in the Persian Gulf. The true defence of the British Empire in India is, Mr. Colquhoun holds, to preserve Afghanistan and Beluchistan as real barriers, which can only be done by developing and extending communications to Kabul, Kandahar, and Seistan. The Indian pamiirs must be defended, but *actively* defended in Afghanistan. It is no longer enough to block the mouths of the passes. On points of detail there may be discussion, but there can be no doubt that Mr. Colquhoun's book, as the work of an expert, will be most informing to the general reader. It is short and concise, and puts the pith of the whole matter in readable form. The maps which accompany and elucidate the text are excellent, and in an appendix is the famous Circular Note which Prince Gortschakoff issued in 1864, and which bamboozled the more ignorant and confiding of our politicians for so many years. With the document is also the apocryphal Testament of Peter the Great, which is, nevertheless, a capital guide in Russian foreign politics. On the whole, *Russia against India* is instructive and admirably suited to its purpose.

Mr. Dutt's book is moderate in tone, sound in economic reasoning, and shows a sincere desire to help the Government in its arduous task. But it is the most formidable indictment that has ever been brought against the practical success of British rule in India. Mr. Dutt, a distinguished ex-official himself, points out that since the transfer of the administration to the Crown (1858) there have been ten famines in India, entailing a total loss of 15,000,000 lives. He admits that undoubtedly

these famines are directly caused by the failure of the annual rains, over which man has no control; but it is equally certain that their intensity, and their disastrous effects, can be to a great extent mitigated by moderating the land-tax, by the construction of irrigation works, and by the reduction of the public debt and the expenditure of India.

That is the essence of his case. The plea that famines are mainly due to the rapid increase of population he dismisses with the argument that "the increase is less than in England and Wales, and eighteen other countries out of twenty-eight for which figures are available." Regarding expenditure, he mentions that "retired viceroys and high military authorities have told the Royal Commission on Indian Expenditure that to maintain, at the cost of India, a vast force required for Great Britain's Imperial purposes abroad is unjust, illegal, and inequitable."

It is with land assessment, which varies with each Province, that he deals in detail:

In Bengal 80 per cent. of the *gross produce* is retained by the cultivator, 14 per cent. is paid to the landlord as rent, and 6 per cent. to the Government as land-tax. This tax has been permanently fixed since 1793; hence the landlord gains at the expense of the Government.

In Northern India the cultivator also gets 80 per cent., but the landlord 10 per cent. and the Government 10 per cent. The assessment is made for thirty years, so that it can be changed to the advantage of the Government.

In Bombay and Madras, where the Government is also the landlord, the cultivator usually gets only 70 per cent.;

in the Central Provinces barely 66 per cent. This assessment is far too severe on the cultivator, and allows him no margin for bad harvests.

Mr. Dutt points out the remarkable fact that the Central Provinces, the most sparsely populated part of British India, have suffered the most from recent famines; also that Bengal, the most thickly populated, has lost not a single life through famine since the Permanent Settlement (1793). Between these extremes lies Northern India with its ideal system.

This book is well worth a careful study by those interested in India. It will probably create a stir in high official circles.

"Old Purgatory Pickpurse."

Man and the Spiritual World as Disclosed by the Bible. By the Rev. Arthur Chambers. (Charles Taylor.)

In casting aside the popular accretions which had overlaid the Church's teaching with regard to the condition of the departed, the Reformers uprooted also the conception of an intermediate state. But the bald alternative that remains after its elimination is too frightful for contemplation; so here back again is Latimer's "Old Purgatory Pickpurse"—no longer predatory—introduced some years ago by the very Protestant Dean of Canterbury in the guise of *Eternal Hope*; now further fortified, scripturalised and (if we may coin so hideous a word) *Drummondised* into an evolutionary universalism. Apart from the Biblical evidences which in this place we must be content to take for granted, the general view of our divine is summed up with some neatness in the course of a chance conversation with a Salvationist. As they sat facing each other in a railway carriage the fellow impudently asked:

"Are you saved?" I was a little taken aback [writes Mr. Chambers]. . . . So in answer to his question I said, "No." A curious look passed over his face, and he evidently expected me to say something more. I then continued, "Don't you think that question of yours is a rather silly one?—as silly, I think, as if I were to ask you whether to-day is to-morrow."

He appeared puzzled, and I went on: "Do you know what salvation is?" He did not reply. "It is this," I said: "God's Eternal Purpose—of making us as absolutely perfect in character and spirit as Himself. . . . Salvation means a condition of wholeness, soundness; in other words, it is the *accomplishment* of God's Great Purpose of perfecting us. . . . When I shall find myself in Heaven ridded of every imperfection, with every latent power of good in me developed, and my mind and spirit replete with every grace, and I in all my parts perfect, then, and not until then, shall I be able to say, 'I am saved—I am sound.'"

It is not so terse as the reply drawn through his nose by the founder of the Cowley Society—"Saved, yes; but not safe"—but 'twill serve both for the putting to flight of inquisitive evangelists and for the general presentment of an eschatological system as far as possible removed from the orthodoxy of the Anglican monk. If the existence and immortality of the soul be assumed, the system it sketches may fairly commend itself as reasonable to anyone who has reserved to himself the right of private judgment.

Towards the settlement of the more fundamental question whether the human *moi* may exist apart from the body, and how, Mr. Chambers is not so happy. The Biblical evidences once more we may take for granted; but in citing the following narrative he does little to fortify our confidence either in the doctrine or in himself as its apologist:

The gentleman had had a severe illness, and himself knew at last that there was no hope of his recovery. About an hour before the change came, he states that he was suddenly conscious that there was within his body a something that seemed as if it were floating in much the

same way as a boat moored to a quay floats with the rise and fall of the water. Presently he became conscious of another sensation. It was as if a number of tiny cords or fibres along both sides of his entire body were being snapped one after another. The sensation was not painful. This went on for some time, until at length it seemed as if this floating something were contracting upward from the feet. . . . Later he could feel that the contraction had extended to his chest, and lastly to his head. Then came an oblivion, and his next consciousness was that he himself was standing beside the bed.

This piece of description, "countersigned by two doctors," shows mainly, to our mind, the essentially materialistic mind of the modern spiritualist. Somewhere there is a picture representing the flight of the soul from the mouth of a dying man in the form of a newborn infant. This floating sensation, this snapping of cords from the feet upwards, seem to us to perpetrate, by the less excusable medium of words, no less gross an outrage upon sound philosophy. That the man had a sensation of snapping cords no one is troubled to deny, or that his inside seemed afloat; neither experience is unprecedented; but that Mr. Chambers should gravely allege these sensations as though they represented the dissolution—in this case temporary—of soul and body shows only that he approaches the question from a materialistic standpoint; and our misgivings are not dispelled even by his reference to Ecclesiastes xii. 6—"or ever the silver cord be loosed." Not more relevant appears the interview with the learned Hindu who took possession of a commonplace young man's organs of speech, and, in English spoken with a foreign accent, answered Mr. Chambers's questions about the future state at great length so as that clergyman could hardly himself have bettered the replies, or, we may add, more consistently have split his infinitives.

It will be gathered that we follow Mr. Chambers's thoughtful and interesting speculations with satisfaction so long as he confines himself to considerations of reason and Holy Scripture, and keeps clear of "Mr. Sludge."

Fiction.

The Gateless Barrier. By Lucas Malet.
(Methuen & Co. 6s.)

LUCAS MALET has deviated; she has deviated into the supernatural. We have no grievance against her upon that count, for the tendency of established writers to continue exactly the performance which has resulted in their establishment is not without grave disadvantages both to the writers and to literature. But we doubt whether Lucas Malet was well advised in this particular deviation. Of an intellectual, even scientific, temperament, prone to examine, weigh, and consider, an expert manipulator of *pros* and *cons*, she has never, we think, seriously accepted her own story—this story of a man who loved a ghost woman into physical existence. The pretty idea may have captured her fancy, led it on, and ultimately hypnotised even her imagination into a semblance of exertion; but that she, Lucas Malet, was for one moment under the illusion of such a fantasy we cannot believe. All that deliberate cleverness can do Lucas Malet has done to make the fantasy convincing, to give it an air of reality. The "uneasiness" of the ghost-woman is neatly explained; the mutual attraction between the ghost-woman and Laurence Rivers, the married hero, is neatly explained; the various steps in the process of the ghost-woman's re-incarnation are neatly linked to a series of physical facts; the question: "Must not an ex-ghost eat and drink?" is answered in a scene of surprising ingenuity; no point is omitted, no difficulty shirked. But, despite all this, there is no conviction. A work of fiction only succeeds artistically when it compels the reader to think that the related

events actually happened, he knowing all the while that they did not happen. That is the essence of success: the illusion of reality. *The Gateless Barrier* will convince no one. It may please many—it has pleased us—but it is without authority, without that imperative appeal which is the sublime attribute of imagination well and truly exercised. One admires it as in a procession of ambassadors one would admire the Minister Plenipotentiary of some Central American republic. Oh, yes! he is there—uniform, parchments, seals, sacred inviolability, and all apparatus equal to M. de Staal's—but, surely he hasn't got the effrontery to mean it!

There is much to praise in the book. The portrait of the dying, but remorseless, materialist, old Mr. Rivers, is drawn with sympathy and genuine power; and Laurence's young American wife, Virginia, so dazzlingly perfect within her limits, and yet so gross, hard, and tawdry in comparison with the spiritual graces of the ghostly heroine, is also a brilliant sketch. The historic English mansion, with its vast *ménage* of servants, really exists for us. The "manifestations," with all their surrounding phenomena, have been contrived with a rather fine ingenuity—an ingenuity which would "persuade" if anything other than imagination could persuade. Laurence's first speech to his beloved apparition seems to us a model of its kind:

"Listen to me," he said. "We are strangers to one another—so strangely strangers that I half distrust the evidence of my senses, as, only too conceivably, you distrust the evidence of yours. I don't pretend to understand what distance of time or space or conditions separates us. I only know that I see you, and that you are unhappy, and that you search for something you are unable to find. Look here, look here—listen to me and try to lay hold of this idea—that I am a friend, not an enemy; that I come to help, not to hinder you. Try to enter into some sort of relation with me. Try to cross the gulf which seems to lie between us. Try to believe that you have found some one who will keep faith with you, and do his best to serve you; and believing that, put the sorrow out of your face —"

Lastly, the dissipation (if the term may be allowed) of the ghost is adequately motivated, and comes near to being pathetic.

In sum, *The Gateless Barrier* has almost everything except that something without which it is nothing.

The Uttermost Farthing. By B. Paul Neuman.
(Blackwood. 6s.)

LOVE the paymaster of Vengeance: this would seem to be the motive of the story that is told with some power in this volume.

Nora Crofts is the daughter of a man who, by the carelessness of his city friend, was brought to ruin and death. Her childish instinct for justice sets her apart to be avenger of his imagined wrongs; and with all the force of her precocious nature she sets herself to work towards this end. Her younger brother is her chosen instrument. Upon his education and advancement she bends her every thought; and his successful career at the University, and in his profession of the law, realises the first great step towards the exaction of her righteous retribution. How at every turn she is frustrated by her better nature, and how eventually, by mere force of congruity (as the schoolmen say), her noble efforts for the brother and sister, in regard to whom she is left in a parent's place, strengthen the good in her nature and crush down the evil which at the beginning she had called good, is the web of the tale. It is crowned by her marriage with the son of the man whom it had been her cherished hope to hunt to death. The narrative is relieved by lighter touches, in which a cockney gardener and two unmarried aunts have their utility.

Notes on Novels.

[These notes on the week's Fiction are not necessarily final.
Reviews of a selection will follow.]

THE FLOWER OF THE FLOCK.

BY W. E. NORRIS.

High life, in Mr. Norris's neat manner. In the very beginning Charlie Strode, in his dashing 30th Lancers' uniform, comes under the eye of Mrs. Van Rees, an American widow, rich and childless and clever, who is gathering impressions in Piccadilly Mansions. These two are linked all through the story, which is full of smart—not too smart—dialogue, and is laid impartially in England and America. (Nisbet. 6s.)

THE NEW ORDER.

BY OSWALD CRAWFURD.

From the dedicatory letter to "L. W." we learn that Mr. Crawford conceived, during a fishing tour in Wales, the idea of a "processional novel" of modern life, as distinct from the plot novel. The old picaresque novel is, however, differentiated. Personal adventures being few and far between to-day, we have instead "the procession through the chances of the world—and there are some very strange ones still left—of an idea, or of a group of ideas, rather than of an individual." The story is also a procession of very recondite quotations, which appear above the chapters and are signed: "Maori Proverb," "A Saying of Sakya-Muni," "From 'El Romance de Doña Elvira,' by Ramon Xavier de los Toblados," and "Counsel to the Searcher: Ancient Chinese Philosophical Treatise," &c. (Grant Richards. 6s.)

THE FOURTH GENERATION.

BY SIR WALTER BESANT.

"The question with which this story deals," says Sir Walter Besant, "can never be answered; from time to time every man must ask himself why the innocent suffer, and do suffer every day and in every generation, for the follies and the sins of their forefathers. Every man must find his own answer, or must acknowledge sorrowfully that he can find none. I venture to offer in these pages an answer that satisfies myself." (Chatto & Windus. 6s.)

UNDER FATE'S WHEEL.

BY LAURENCE L. LYNCH.

"A Story of Mystery, Love, and the Bicycle." A complicated melodrama, in which Sheriff Cooke detects and loves, and a number of people are at tragic cross purposes until Inez explains all on her death-bed in a silence so great that when, in answer to her request, they gave her water, "save for this, there is no sound or movement." Then Inez explains about her bicycle ride in boy's clothes, and the air-gun with which she did the deed, and things are served up all round. (Ward Lock. 6s.)

THE WORLD'S SLOW STAIN.

BY HAROLD VALLINGS.

A rather engaging story, in which a self-made man's social ambitions are fed by a growing intimacy between his daughter and the son of his aristocratic neighbour, a Marquis. On hearing that the Marquis has called while he was out, John Bradshaw is almost thrown off his balance, but manages to preserve outward calm, and thus retain the respect of his butler. Describing his master's reception of the news to the first and second footmen, Jenkyns said: "Why, he took it like a rock, and I, for one, give him full credit for his pluck. His in'ard man, of course, shouted in a voice of thunder: 'Well, I'm d—d!' His out'ard and visible self simply remarked, as coolly and quietly as you please: 'Jenkyns, that hall-clock is thirty seconds slow. See to it at once.'"

A good story of social dynamics in country houses. (Hurst & Blackett. 6s.)

THE MAN OF THE MOMENT.

BY DOROTHEA GERARD.

Captain the Hon. Douglas Musgrove is one of those splendid creatures who are indispensable in every crisis, the support of Prime Ministers in war and diplomacy. He "would have been recognised anywhere on the Red Sea littoral." In an accident his cab knocks over the most beautiful woman Musgrove has ever seen, and at once we are ascending richly carpeted stairs near Oxford-street; *la belle inconnue* discloses "a foot and ankle (in open-worked stocking) which would have delighted a Canova or a Watteau," and a suspicious foreigner on the pavement crushes his cigar under his heel as he notes the shadow of Captain Musgrove kissing the Countess's fingertips thrown on the blind. Meanwhile, the Prime Minister and the Chancellories of Europe are kept waiting. (Ward Lock. 3s. 6d.)

THE DOGS OF WAR.

BY EDGAR PICKERING.

A romance of the Civil War, opening at St. Ives in the year 1636, and introducing us to Mr. Oliver Cromwell in church. The story produces an interesting train of incident, and ends with the execution of Charles I. (Warne & Co. 6s.)

A SPIDER'S WEB.

BY MRS. AYLMER GOWING.

After a prologue of twenty-six pages, the story opens at a Foreign Office reception, at which Lord and Lady Rosebery are represented as receiving the diplomatic world. The talk is sumptuous, the society irreproachable, and the heroine's name is Daryl. Jewels and politics, dances and intrigues, and a streak of Nihilism through all. (Burleigh. 6s.)

A PRICK OF CONSCIENCE.

BY ALAN ST. AUBYN.

The toils of an old love which marriage should have broken are the theme of this story by the author of *Under the Rowan Tree*. The toils are broken with the necessary gradualness, and Captain Darrell lives to wear the Victoria Cross and to be "soothed, healed, and purified by the Love of a good woman." (Digby, Long. 6s.)

AFTER MANY DAYS.

BY C. HOWELL.

Not often in real life is a man the guardian of a young girl, the murderer of her father, her lover, and her father-in-law, by turns; but such are the positions in which Gaspard Sterling is placed, and from which remorse drives him at last through the door of suicide. The young people forgive and forget, and are happy "many days after." (Digby, Long. 6s.)

A DAUGHTER OF WITCHES.

BY JOANNA E. WOOD.

"A Romance." The scene is New England, and names like Vashti, Temperance, and Mabella are bestowed on the characters. Sidney Martin had seen the Winged Victory of Samothrace "in the cool greyness of the Louvre"; and "here in the New England hills he had found a woman who might have been its original." That was Vashti. It was Temperance who gave him some "delightful milk and her opinion of boarders." The story develops very definite types of New England character, and grows more tragic as it proceeds. There is a highly-wrought, but rather familiar, situation in the chapel of the village of Dole, where the hero "in words of surpassing and subtle eloquence, laid bare every secret of his soul." (Hurst & Blackett. 6s.)

